

A
GARLAND
OF
New Songs,

CONTAINING,

1. The Flowing Can.
2. Coaporal Casey.
3. Gramachree Molly.



* * * * *

THE FLOWING CAN,

Written and sung by Mr DIBBIN.

A Sailor's life's a life of woe,
He works now late now early,
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then he takes it cheerly :
Blest with a smiling can of grog,
If duty call,
Stand, rise, or fall,
To fate's last verge he'll jog :

The cadge to weigh,
The sheets belay,
He does it with a wish ;
To heave the lead,
Or to cat-head,
The pon'drous anchor fish :
For while the grog goes round,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man :

We sing a little, and laugh a little,
And work a little, and swear a little,

And fiddle a little, and foot it a little,
And swig the flowing can.

If howling winds and roaring seas
Give proof of coming danger,
We view the storm, our hearts at ease;
For Jack's to fear a stranger;
Blest with the smiling grog, we fly,
Where now below
We headlong go,
Now rise on mountains high.

Spight of the gale,
We had the fail,
Or take the needful reef;
Or man the deck
To clear some wreck,
To give the ship relief;
Though perils threat around,
All sense of danger drown'd,
We despise it to a man.

We sing a little, &c.

But ye think not our fate is hard,
Though storms at sea thus treat us,
For coming home, a sweet reward,

With smiles our sweethearts greet us.
 Now too the friendly grog we quaff,
 Our am'rous toast,
 Her we love most,
 And gaily sing and laugh.

The sails we furl,
 Then for each girl
 The petticoat display ;
 The deck we clear,
 Then three-times cheer,
 As we their charms survey ;
 And then the grog goes round,
 All sense of danger drown'd,
 We despise it to a man :

We sing a little, &c.

CORPORAL CASEY.

WHEN I was at home I was merry
 and frisky ;
 My dad kept a pig and my mammy sold
 whisky ;
 My uncle was rich but ne'er could be easy

Till I was inlisted to Corporal Casey.

Oh rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal
Casey,

I thought my dear dear Sheelah I thought
I would run crasey,

When I trudged away with tough Copo-
ral Casey.

We marched from Kilkennie and as I
was thinking,

My heart in me on Sheelah was thinking,
But soon I was first to look fresh as a daisy
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.
My uncle was rich but neer would be
easy,

Till I was inlisted to Corporal Casey.

When we went into battle I took the
blow's fairly

That fell on my pate, but they bother'd
me rarely ;

And who should be the first that dropt,
why ant please ye,

It was my good honest friend good old
Corporal Casey.

Oh rub a dub, row de dow ; Corporal
Casey.

Thinks I to myself you are quiet and I
 shall be easy,
 So eight years I fought without Corporal
 Casey.

THE ANSWER TO GRAMACHREE
 MOLLY.

YE gentle winds that softly blow,
 along the verdent plain,
 Go whisper to my Stephen's ear,
 his loves return'd again :
 In sweetest language tell the youth,
 his sorrows to give o'er,
 Ah Gramachree ! my love shall be,
 as happy as before.
 The daily pied and all the sweets,
 of nature's flowery bed,
 Shall join to make a garland gay,
 for my dear Stephen's head,
 The primrose pale, and violet blue,
 I'll add unto the store,
 Ah Gramachree ! and we shall be,
 as happy as before.
 Full many a scene of mourning,
 thy Molly late has known,

Because my heart its fondness kept,
for thee my love alone.

My parents hid me from thy sight,
and spurn'd thee from the door,

Ah Gramachree ! but now we'll be,
as happy as before.

I laid me down upon my bed,
bewailing my sad fate,

And like a faithful turtle dove,

I mourn'd my absent mate,

And as the ling'ring moments pass'd,

I told him o'er and o'er,

Ah Gramachree ! but now I'll be,
as happy as before.

You said you lov'd your Molly dear,
with vows I now believe,

For well I know my Stephon's heart
would near my faith deceive :

Thy love was all I wish'd on earth,
for heaven could wish no more,

Ah Gramachree ! and now we'll be,
as happy as before.

Our flocks together now will tend,
upon the yellow hill,

And gaze enraptur'd on the sweets,
which yon fair prospect fill :

While heaven upon our mutual love
 shall all its blessings pour,
 Ah Gramachree ! we then shall be,
 as happy as before.



10 JU 52